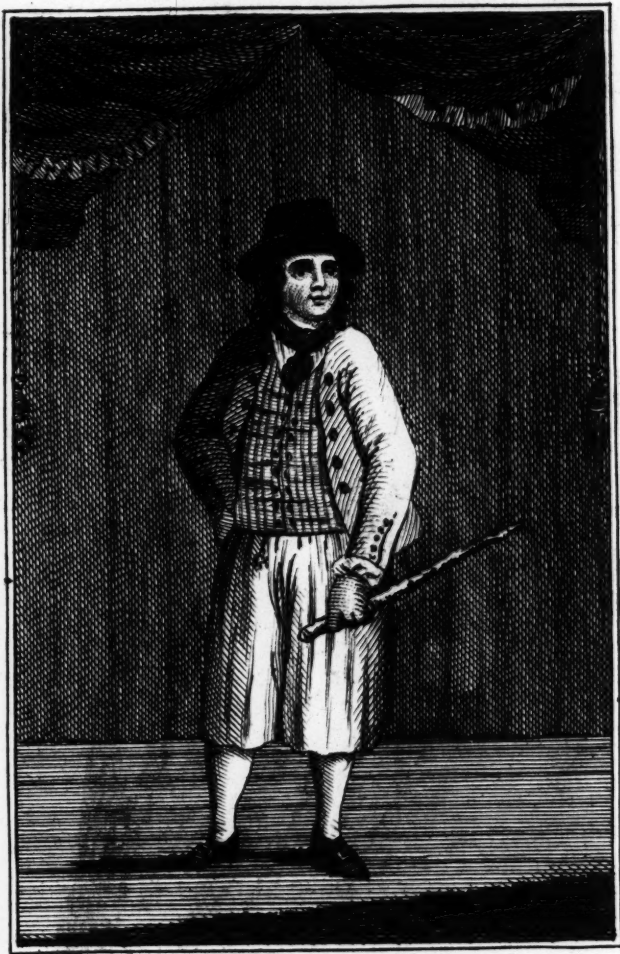
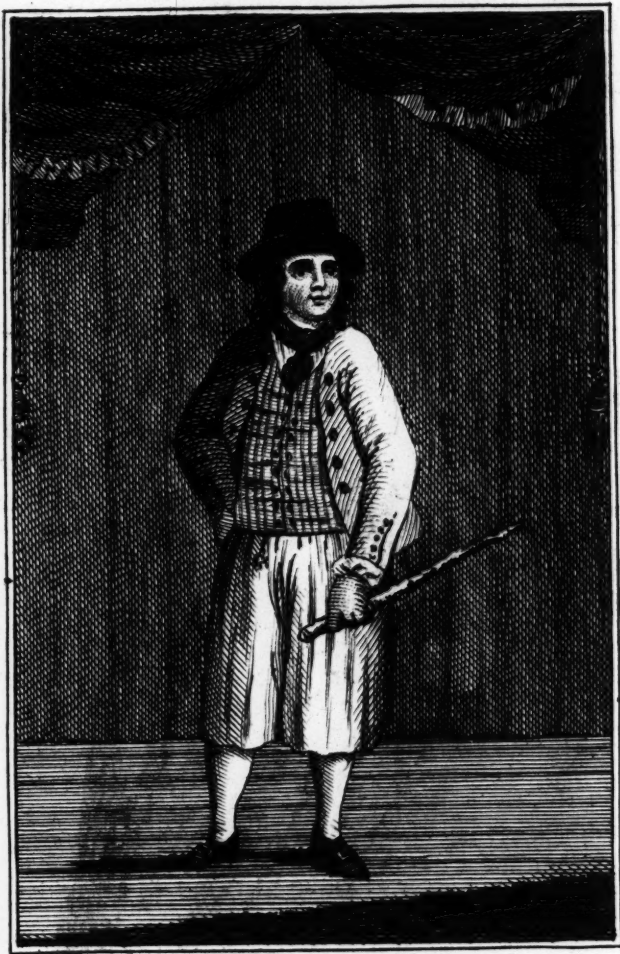


JOVIAL SONGSTER



"What cheer my honest Mesmate"

JOVIAL SONGSTER



"What cheer my honest Mesmate"

THE
Jovial Songster,
OR,
SAILOR'S DELIGHT:

A choice Collection of cheerful and humorous

S O N G S,

That are Sung by the

BRAVE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND,

AND OTHER MERRY COMPANIONS,

Who, over a Can of Flip, are disposed for Mirth and
Good Humour;

Being the most laughable and droll Collection ever
published; including, among other diverting
Subjects, the Sailor's Description of a Hunting.

*A true hearted Sailor's the Fair One's Delight,
This Book is for Mirth both by Day and by Night.*

THE FIFTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR W. LANE, LEADENHALL-STREET.

JO

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THE
JOVIAL SONGSTER;
OR,
SAILOR'S DELIGHT.

S O N G.

THE DEATH OF POOR JACK.

Sung by Mr. Moulds.

POOR Jack, whose gay heart kept his spirits aloft,
And ever gave mirth its full due;
Who sadness despis'd nor to grieve was so soft,
Which made him the life of the crew:
Having weather'd the tempest of ocean and fate,
Disdaining all hardships and fear,
Hasten home to his Poll, with his true hearted mate
To be laid up in pleasure's snug tier:
With a good store of shiners his chest was supply'd,
Says he, now I'm on the right tack;
For that cherub on whom I've so often rely'd,
Has home, safe and sound, brought poor Jack.

B 2

To

To his heart Poll he prest, the glad moment was fix'd,
 When tow'rs church he would take her in tow;
 And there the good chaplain should soon name the
 text,

That should splice them together, you know:
 To his messmates, elated, he mentioned the morn,
 And forecastle jokes went around:
 But sung, at the helm, he'd all dangers defy,
 Laugh at those who'd his comforts attack,
 And the sweet little cherub aloft would espy
 Waving ensigns of joy o'er poor Jack.

That night, which was nam'd by her sailor the last,
 Poll should sleep in her hammock alone,
 He resolv'd with his shipmates in glee should be past,
 And mirth in his countenance shone:
 He troll'd the blithe stave, drank a health to his King,
 Good liquor had cherish'd his soul,
 When a seaman a signal from beauty did bring,
 Which call'd him away to his Poll:
 Avast, friend, adieu—for a moment we part,
 Poll commands me, about I must tack;
 For she's the sweet cherub that reigns in the heart
 Of your friend and companion, poor Jack.

But scarce from the Cabin of friendship he flew,
 Ere the sky form'd a picture so dread;
 The rain beat aloud, and the winds fiercely blew,
 And thunder roll'd over his head:
 For his messmates at sea how his bosom did swell,
 He sigh'd more than once for their fate;
 Blue lightning flash'd round him, the kind victim fell,
 His soul fled to death's calm retreat:

The

The cherub, who ever to virtue is dear,
 Bore it hence through a clear lucid track,
 Yet gaz'd on his dust and dropt a salt tear,
 To deprive his sweet Poll of poor Jack.

S O N G.

LOVELY SUE.

Sung by Mr. Duffy.

THE main with darkness mantled o'er,
 The howling tempests blew;
 Yet, dread of seeing thee no more,
 Was all the fear I knew:
 Tho' out of sight ne'er out of mind,
 Thy sailor always true,
 Regarded more than waves or wind,
 The sighs of lovely Sue.

But when we met the haughty foe,
 And bullets round us flew,
 With double strength I gave each blow,
 To merit thee, my Sue:
 Tho' out of sight, ne'er out of mind,
 My heart still fonder grew,
 In fancy's glass, to lovers kind,
 I gaz'd on thee, my Sue.

S O N G.

THE BRITISH TAR.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith.

SONS of ocean, fam'd in story,
Won't to wear the laurel brow ;
Listen to your rising glory,
Growing honors wait you now :
Think not servile adulation
Meanly marks my grateful song ;
All the praises of the nation
Giv'n to you, to you belong ;
And rival kingdoms send from far,
Their plaudits to the British Tar.

'Tis not now your valiant daring,
Courage you've for ages shewn ;
'Tis not now your mild forbearing,
Pity ever was your own :
'Tis your Prince, so lov'd, so pleasing,
Spreads your fame thro' distant lands,
And the trident nobly seizing,
Grasps it in his youthful hands ;
Proud to boast in peace or war,
The virtues of the British Tar.

When

When the times were big with danger,
 See your Royal shipmate go,
 And, to every fear a stranger,
 Brave the fury of the foe :
 Then, when smiling peace rejoices,
 Greets him with a sailor's arts ;
 Cheer his presence with your voices,
 Pay his service with your hearts :
 And he, henceforth, your leading star,
 The gallant Royal British Tar.

S O N G.

EDWARD AND KITTY.

NED oft' had brav'd the field of battle,
 Had oft' endur'd the hardest woe ;
 Had been where deep mouth'd cannons rattle,
 And oft' been captur'd by the foe :
 His heart was kind, to fear a stranger,
 The name of Briton was his pride ;
 He nobly scorn'd to shrink from danger,
 And on a bed of honor dy'd :
 For, says Ned, whate'er befalls,
 A Briton scorns to flinch or whine ;
 He'll cheerful go where duty calls,
 And brave all ills but ne'er repine.

Ned lov'd sincere his charming Kitty,
 She saw with tears her soldier go;
 She pray'd kind heav'n to lend her pity,
 And shield her Edward from the foe:
 My love, he cried, thy grief give over,
 Those tears disgrace a soldier's bride;
 But hapless Kitty lost her lover,
 Who on a bed of honor died.

For, says Ned, tea

S O N G.

SHE IS MISTAKEN.

Sung by Mrs. Addison.

LORD, what a fuss my mother made,
 When Colin came this way,
 Because he caught me in his arms,
 And kiss'd me t'other day;
 She scolded me both day and night,
 And was in such a taking;
 But if she thinks I'll not have him,
 I'm sure she is mistaken.

I told her Colin lov'd me well,
 And meant not to deceive me;
 And said, that from my present need
 He quickly would relieve me:
 But mother said he was a wag,
 Who'd set my heart aching;
 And, if I thought he'd marry me,
 I surely was mistaken.

I knew 'twas false, but thought 'twas best
 To feign that I believ'd her,
 And so, by playing cunningly,
 Compleatly have deceiv'd her :
 And we've agreed to-morrow morn,
 Before she thinks of waking,
 To tie the knot that soon will shew
 How much she is mistaken.

S O N G.

THE BOWL.

Sung at Vauxhall.

LET Philosophers prate about reason and rules,
 And preach about maxims design'd but for fools,
 From a brisk sparkling bowl brighter sentiments flow,
 And I find myself wiser the deeper I go:
 We can teach them to live, and by practice explain,
 What in theory only they never could gain:
 Draw the cloud from their eyes that o'er shadows their
 soul,
 And enlightened their heads with a sup from my bowl.

May the pedant be lost in his phantom pursuit,
 While I revel in wine and with bumpers recruit ;
 Since the wisest can never perfection attain,
 Why should life proffer sweets and enjoyments in vain:
 Let not man then his time in such foppery waste,
 Or refuse mingled sweets with the bitter to taste ;
 But thus let him waft to *Myssum* his soul
 In an ocean of liquor, his vessel my bowl.

Relax'd from the cares of the world let me live,
 'Gainst the rude stream of life that I never may strive
 With a friend to partake, and a girl to adore,
 Oh what mortal more happy, what man could wish
 more?

Dull mechanical mortals here look and repine,
 That their hearts can ne'er glow with such feelings as
 mine;

But such feelings, such joys, receive birth in my soul
 When thus mellow'd, thus rear'd, and refin'd in my
 bowl.

S O N G.

THE BANKS OF TWEED.

Sung by Miss Leary.

JUST when the blooming fragrant spring,
 Proclaim'd the near approach of May;
 When in the grove the blackbirds sing,
 Their cheerful notes on ev'ry spray:
 Young Sandy fought the rural green,
 The rustic dance, the rural reed:
 And Jenny's charms first caught his 'een,
 Upon the verdant banks of Tweed.

She was sae fair fae blithe a lass,
 She danc'd and mov'd like any queen;
 Her smiles would May-day morn surpass,
 And laughing love was in her 'een:

From rosy morn to night he'd rove,
 And to fast strains he tun'd his reed,
 He sung of bonny Jane and love,
 Upon the verdant banks of Tweed.

The god of love was Sandy's friend,
 And look'd wi' gentle pity down,
 A pointed dart did quickly send,
 And made the bonny lass his own:
 More fair and dear since marriage vow,
 To her and love he tunes his reed;
 In sweet delights they revel now,
 Upon the verdant banks of Tweed.

S O N G.

MAKE AN END ON'T.

Sung by Miss Milne.

NOT long before the close of day,
 When weary Sol was waining,
 Reclin'd upon a flow'ry brae
 Young Sandy sat complaining:
 Oh what a gowk was I to love,
 Sa mickle time to spend on't;
 Since Meg will neither kinder prove,
 Nor frankly make an end on't.

Since Meg began to scowl and flyte,
 And torture me with scorning;
 I joyless gang to bed at night,
 And rise with grief at morning:
 But let her flout and slight my love,
 For troth she may depend on't,
 If she's unkind I'll scornful prove,
 And so will make an end on't.

Nor scarce had Sandy utter'd this,
 'Ere Meg appear'd, whose beauty
 Pourtray'd the scenes of future bliss,
 And brought him to his duty:
 Oh take my heart, dear Meg, said he,
 Indeed you may depend on't,
 Then led her to the kirk with glee,
 And there they made an end on't

S O N G.

MY HEART IS DEVOTED DEAR MARY TO THEE.

Sung by Mr. Darley.

TH^O' the muses ne'er smile by the light of the sun,
 Yet they visit my cot when my labour is done;
 And while on my pillow of straw I recline,
 A wreath of sweet flow'rets they sportively twine:
 But in vain the fair damsels weave chaplets for me,
 For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

Full

Full oft' I reflect on my indigent state,
 But reflection and reason are ever too late :
 They tell me I sigh for too beautiful a fair,
 And fill my sad wishes with doubts and despair,
 Then hope, kindly smiling, averts the decree,
 For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

When the shrill pipe and tabor proclaim the light
 dance,
 With transports I see my dear Mary advance ;
 Then such grace she displays while she trips mid the
 throng,
 That each shepherd with raptures to her tunes his song,
 But by none she's lov'd with such truth as by me,
 For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

S O N G.

BLUE EY'D BET.

Sung by Mr. Munden.

WHEN I return with courage bold,
 Lord ! how the folks will stare !
 And all my pockets lin'd with gold,
 For blue-ey'd Bet so fair :
 I'll doff my frock for jacket blue,
 And trowsers all so white ;
 And Bet shall own my love is true,
 When 'tis for her I fight.

No more the girls shall jeer me so,
 And call me sheepish lout;
 When tight as any I shall go,
 And wear a heart as stout.

I'll doff my frock, &c.

S O N G.

ABSENCE.

Sung by Miss Broadhurst.

NATURE always is enchanting,
 Summer fair or Winter drear;
 Nought to aid her charms is wanting,
 When my soul's delight is near;
 Spring's fair hope and Autumn's treasure,
 In their turns enrapture me;
 Neither can afford me pleasure,
 Absent, dearest youth, from thee.

Charms I view in ev'ry flower,
 Music hear in ev'ry grove;
 Pleas'd with sun-shine or with shower,
 When I can behold my love:
 Flow'rs without thee round me cluster,
 Music soothes the grove in vain;
 Yon blest sun beams lose their lustre,
 Pleasure's self is chang'd to pain.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE FAREWEL.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

FAREWEL, my love, the anchor's weigh'd,
I can no longer stay;
But who shall guard my dearest maid,
When I am far away?
When cold and dark the angry main
Shall rock the crew to sleep;
And I the lonely station gain,
The midnight watch to keep.

Thy beauteous form in that drear hour,
Shall soften my distress;
And memory's all soothing pow'r
Shall make the hardship less:
Then dry thy tears, 'tis all in vain,
Do not thy health destroy;
Nor weep 'till when we meet again,
Thy tears shall flow for joy.

SONG.

S O N G.

WHILE HIGH THE FOAMING SURGES RISE.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WHILE high the foaming surges rise,
And pointed rocks appear,
Loud thunders rattle in the skies,
Yet sailors must not fear :
In storms, in wind,
Their duty mind ;
Aloft, below,
They cheerful go ;
To reef or steer, as 'tis design'd,
No fears or dangers fill the mind.

The signal for the line is made,
The haughty foe's in sight ;
The bloody flag aloft display'd,
And fierce the dreadful fight :
Each minds his gun,
No dangers shun,
Aloft below
They cheerful go ;
Though thunders roar, yet still we find
No fear alarms the sailor's mind.

The

The storm is hush'd, the battle o'er,
 The sky is clear again;
 We toss the can to those on shore,
 While we are on the main:
 To Pol and Sue;
 Sincere and true,
 The grog goes round,
 With pleasure crown'd:
 In war or peace alike you'll find,
 That honor fills a sailor's mind.

S O N G.

DIE AN OLD MAID.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WHEN I liv'd with my grannam on yon little
 green,
 As good an old woman as ever was seen,
 She oft' read me lectures of prudence and care,
 And bade me of all things of men to beware:
 Said she, they will flatter, and lie, and deceive,
 And you're lost, my dear Rose, if you dare to believe;
 I thought it was strange, and indeed was afraid
 It would be my hard fortune to die an old maid.

I met with young Colin one night in the grove,
 He talk'd of the joys and the pleasures of love;
 But my grandmother's lectures so ran in my head,
 I cou'd not attend to a word that he said:
Thought

Thought I, what a'fufs all the old women make,
 I think in my heart they must make a mistake;
 For if ev'ry young girl of the men were afraid,
 Why, my grannam herself might have been an old
 maid.

The next time young Colin his courtship renew'd,
 I candidly own'd that my heart was subdu'd;
 He swore that he lov'd me as dear as his life,
 And if I'd consent he'd make me his wife:
 Then begg'd, the next morn I'd his wishes fulfil,
 Says I, e'en let grandmother scold as she will,
 Of so gentle a swain I shall ne'er be afraid,
 And its better to marry than die an old maid.

S O N G.

THE ROSE WITH SWEET FRAGRANCE DELIGHTS.

Sung at Vauxhall.

THE rose with sweet fragrance delights,
 And sweet is the eglantine breeze;
 But in Colin all sweetness unites,
 For Colin for ever could please:

Yet now in each wood and sad grove
 I mourn that my joys are no more;
 The shepherd is false, yet I love,
 He's fickle, yet still I adore.

How

How soft was each note when he sung,
His accents how tender and sweet !
And honey sure dropt from his tongue,
When my praises the swain would repeat.
But now, &c.

When he hears my sad knell o'er the lawn,
Perhaps he may shed a fond tear ;
Perhaps he may sigh all forlorn,
For Phillis that lov'd him so dear.
Yet now, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

TWELVE years ago I went to woo
The comfort of my life, my Sue ;
I then was twenty-eight, and you,
My pretty chick—were forty-two :
Forty-two,
Forty-two,
My pretty chick—were forty-two.

Runs time as glibly as of yore,
You must be verging on threescore ;
But women now grow old no more,
And Susan blooms at fifty-four :
And Susan blooms at thirty-four, fifty-four,
And Susan blooms at thirty-four.

SONG.

S O N G.

TRIBUTARY STANZAS TO MOMUS.

PARENT of gaiety and glee,
Unus'd to stern and serious feature,
Accept this tributary fee,
From me, a laughter-loving creature.

Tho' some thy rites may stamp with sin,
With folly, ignorance, or treason;
From th' horse-laugh to th' modest grin,
They're innocent at ev'ry season.

Ye who with long dejected face,
To weep at life's ills are so simple,
Your cheeks and solemn features grace,
In lieu of tears, with laughter's dimple.

Dull melancholy come not nigh,
Hence dread and sorrow, fear and quaking,
Ye carking cares the mansion fly,
Where Momus reigns, whose fides are shaking.

Those who in Cupid find such charms,
Or are with Bacchus ever thinking,
Oft' wish to die in Mira's arms,
Or meet the grim invader drinking.

SONG.

S O N G.

HER HEART TO ALL OTHERS IS COLD.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

AT eve, as I sung of my fair,
The shepherds all smil'd at my lay;
Advis'd me the nymph to forswear,
And jestingly made me begay:
I vow'd, that a look to obtain,
I'd part with my crook and my fold;
My suit, they reply'd, would be vain,
For her heart to all others was cold.

Those eyes that like diamonds glow,
May pity more brightly adorn;
Unmov'd will she look on my woe,
Can passion unfeign'd be her scorn?
How true and how constant I'll prove,
Ah! had I the heart to unfold,
She'd deign to accept of my love,
Tho' her heart to all others were cold.

SONG.

S O N G.

EN VERITE.

Sung by Miss Wingfield.

WHEN fifteen years I had attain'd,
My mother gave consent,
That I fine folks and fights should see,
So up to town I went:
With words and manners all polite
I home return'd so gay,
Poor Strephon cry'd, you're alter'd quite,
Says I, En verite.

Alas! I find you're chang'd, cry'd he,
Another maid I'll seek;
Do so, says I, d'ye think, fond swain,
For you my heart I'll break?
To Mira now, says he, my hand
And heart I'll give away;
At that indeed, with all my pride,
I sigh'd En verite.

Be not so rash, dear youth, cry'd I,
Indeed I did but jest;
Of all the nymphs you know, says he,
'Tis you I love the best:
To yonder church then let's repair,
I could not then say, nay;
But vow'd obedience, love, and truth,
I did En verite.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung in Oscar and Malvina.

(PEASANTS)

LET the merry pipe and tabor
Tell the ending of our labour,
Take your glafs each honeft neighbour,
Hang all care and forrow.

Flowing bowls the heart inspiring,
Beauty's charms the bosom firing,
Ev'ry youth and maid desiring,
Never fear to-morrow.

Let the old and churlish miser
Be of mirth the dull despiser,
Steal to bed and think he's wiser,
We disdain his rigour.

Heavy sleep whilst he is taking,
We, to social rites awaking,
Revel 'till the morning breaking,
Still with sprightly vigour.

Come then, every hearty fellow,
Be he sober, be he mellow,
Let cold caution vainly bellow,
We have better reason.

We

We possess of life the treasure,
 Quaff the cup and taste the pleasure,
 Love can give us without measure,
 At this happy season.

S O N G.

Sung in the Kentish Barons.

'TIS love that now my bosom fires,
 'Tis wine which now the soul inspires,
 Friendship and gratitude shall prove
 At least a match for wine and love:
 Then let us hail the league divine,
 Of love, of friendship, and of wine.

Fortune our virtuous schemes shall bless,
 'Twere cowardly to doubt success;
 Where friendship leads,
 Where wine inspires,
 And ardent love the bosom fires:
 Then let us hail the league divine,
 Of love, of friendship, and of wine.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Sig. Storace

THRO' twilight gloom, where groves embow'r the
vale,

Oft' let me rove with silent step and flow ;
And hear, far off, the lowly murmuring gale,
To fancy's ear impart the sounds of woe.

Some turtle sad repeats her mournful cry,
And cooing moans, in widow'd state forlorn ;
Some faithful youth's or maiden's parting sigh,
On fairy wings to distant plains is borne.

S O N G.

WHEN NICHOLAS FIRST TO COURT BEGAN.

Sung in Richard Cœur de Lion.

WHEN Nicholas first to court began
And Blanche approv'd his love,
United time and pleasure ran,
Like turtles in the grove:
In joy and sweet delight,
They pass'd each day and night ;
Happy and gay,
Smiling as May,
Jocund they pass'd each day and night.

J. S.

C

When

When children blest'd the loving pair,
 Kind heav'n increas'd their store;
 Their boys were brave, their girls were fair,
 And each a portion bore
 Of rural industry,
 With dance, and song, and glee,
 Happy and gay, &c.

Tho' age their heads with silver crown'd,
 Affection did increase;
 Dissention ne'er their hearts could wound,
 Nor jealousy their peace:
 And still remembrance sweet,
 Their placid minds would greet;
 Happy and gay, &c.

S O N G.

SYLVIA.

YE myrtle wreaths, from fragrant bow'rs,
 A nymph's fair brows adorn;
 More lovely than the dancing hours,
 Of sweetest breath of morn:
 Compar'd to Sylvia, charming maid!
 No flow'r such beauty knows,
 Op'ning blossoms envious fade,
 And dies the tremb'ling rose.

Fair snow drops bend their lily heads,
 And woodbines sweet decay;
 Blue violets quit their lowly beds,
 With pinks no longer gay:

Each

Each fanning breeze and murmuring fount,
 Her praise in echoes bring;
 As them, who warble as they mount,
 'Tis Sylvia's praise they sing.

S O N G.

THE INCONSTANT.

WHEN first I fought your heart to move,
 And urg'd my warm address,
 You swore by all the pow'rs above,
 I ne'er should gain success:
 But long that vow was not your care,
 You did to love incline:
 When is it mighty strange, my fair;
 That I too should break mine.

S O N G.

HE NEVER SHALL ROVE.

Sung by Mrs. Glendinning.

AMIDST the illusions that o'er the mind flutter,
 I will not forget my true object of love;
 At parting, the fondest concern did he utter,
 I left him, but yet this heart never shall rove:
 He bade me farewell, and my fancy repeated,
 The tender expressions for many a day;
 And I think were I now, unperceived, by him seated,
 From his lips I should still hear the soft homage stray.

D U E T,

FAREWELL, ADIEU.

Sung by Mr. Inledon and Mrs. Clendining.

ONE, one short moment I embrace,
To love an hallow'd vow to pay;
Yet others viewing that bright face,
Like me may kneel, may dare to pray:
O deity of this fond breast,
Is thus some favour'd rival blest?
O no, reject each jealous fear,
Alas, no rival harbours here.

No, no, though at the Idol's throne,
A thousand in devotion bend;
Acceptable from one alone
The sacred offering can ascend:
But we must part, dear girl adieu,
Oh! that sweet glance again renew;
The tear too starts, the sigh will swell,
Once more, my love, once more farewell.

SONG.

S O N G.

HEY DOWN DERRY.

Sung by Mr. Munden.

THRO' France, thro' all the German regions,
I've rang'd rare objects to discover;
Seen pretty women in such legions,
thought myself return'd to Dover:
Brisk music made me gay,
And lively all the way;
For no tune's dull that once was merry
With him that loves the hey down derry.

The Spanish belle I've serenaded,
And many a night with the sweet guitar,
Beneath the lattice grate paraded,
Now tinkle tinkle, then gargan lara:
'Twas music made me gay,
And lively all the way;
For no tune's dull that once was merry,
To him that loves the hey down derry.

The fair of Italy to capture,
A different style the men invent o;
To her the Canzonet gives rapture,
Nel cor piu non mi sento:
Such music has its day,
But is not in my way;
Yet no tune's dull that once was merry,
With him who loves the hey down derry.

Round wou'd the girls of Russia chatter,
 And view me o'er with looks of pleasure;
 Their cymbals sounded clitter clatter,
 And they tript in the sprightly Measure:
 Such music has its day,
 But is not in my way;
 Yet no tune's dull that once was merry,
 To him that loves the hey down derry.

Round wou'd the girls of Russia chatter,
 Hey! only eye him? What a wonder!
 Their cymbals sounded clitter clatter,
 And the big drum rumbled thunder:
 Such music has its day,
 But is not in my way;
 Yet no tune's dull that once was merry,
 To him that loves the hey down derry.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Inledon.

CLARA.

O WITH my dearest Clara blest,
 This moon-light heath I'd fondly rove;
 And evermore the path she prest
 Shou'd be review'd with grateful love.

The sweetest virtues store her mind,
 To please, to animate, to warm;
 Truth, pity, tenderness refin'd;
 Her beauty forms her humblest charm.

Yet angels visiting this sphere,
 To prove they were of heav'nly race,
 And make the wond'ring world revere,
 Would wear the likeness of her face.

S O N G.

THE PACKHORSE BELLS.

Sung by Mrs. Harlow.

ONE night while round the fire we sat,
 And talk'd of ghosts and such like chat;
 A stranger, who had lost his road,
 'Till day shou'd break, implor'd abode:
 Pack horses 'twas his lot to guide along,
 Whose bells the trav'ler cheer with ding dong.

Against distress, tho' we were poor,
 My father never shut his door;
 I know not how, but from that day,
 Tho' form'd by nature brisk and gay,
 I felt within my breast a tingling,
 Whene'er the pack horse bells went jingling.

When first he wander'd to our nook,
 His course it seems he had mistook,
 Now, twice a week he comes that way,
 But never tells us he's astray;
 And in his song my name he's mingling,
 Each time his pack horse bells go jingling.

S O N G.

CLARA.

Sung by Mrs. Clendening.

THO' by the tempest the bark's rudely driven,
On the rocks strikes and afunder is riven,
Still the magnet, ingulph'd in the main,
Its virtues, its virtues unalter'd retain:
So the passions ne'er can perish,
But its greetings will I cherish,
And fond passion's still possess
'Midst the storms that rend this breast.

D U E T.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Blanchard.

CARTRIDGE.

SUMMON'D to the angry battle,
By the drum's alarming rattle.

PETER.

O, worthy, worthy comrade,
Fighting surely is a rum trade;
I hate riot,
Give me quiet,
So take back this steel.

CARTRIDGE.

Swift we march some town to humble,
Round the boist'rous cannon rumble;
Walls are sapp'd with dreadful crashing;
Swords engage with furious clashing:

Swords are clashing,
Walls are crashing,
Walls are sapp'd with dreadful crashing.

PETER.

But should the frighten'd women kneel,
You have softness sure to feel.

CARTRIDGE.

Now we creep upon the slumbers
Of a camp ten fold our numbers;
And though full enough to eat us,
Twice as many shall not beat us:
Some are happy in escaping
All concern of further waking;
Others, panic struck, take flight,
Ecce I think such blades are right.

S O N G.

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

FOR England, when, with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
And, scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appear'd,
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
By the deep nine.

And bearing up to gain the port,
Some well known object kept in view;
An Abbey-tow'r, an harbour-fort,
Or beacon, to the vessel true:
While off' the lead the seaman flung,
And to the pilot cheerly sung,
By the mark seven,

And, as the much lov'd shore we near,
With transports we behold the roof
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof:
The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
Quarter less five,

SONG.

S O N G.

GIRLS SHY APPEAR.

Sung by Mr. Quick.

GIRLS shy appear,
When men first leer,
And steal aside,
As if to hide,
But daring grown
As things get known,
They giggle, simper,
Niggle and whimper,
And try to lure, wherever they go,
The 'squire, the jockey, the rake, the beau;
The young, the old ones,
Timid and bold ones,
Yea, with the grave parson
They carry the farce on,
And all are snar'd in a row.

Of balls the pride,
Thus Miss I've ey'd,
The minuet pace,
With blushing face;
But ere the night
Had taken flight,
I've seen her ramping,
Tearing, tramping,
Along the room in a country dance,
Now figuring in with bold advance;

Here setting and leering,
 There crossing and fleering,
 And when that's compleated,
 Before she'll be seated,
 A mad scotch reel she must prance,
 To tol lol, &c.

S O N G.

RUDDY AURORA.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr.

WHEN ruddy Aurora awakens the day,
 And dew drops impearl'd the sweet flow'rets
 so gay,
 Sound, sound, my stout archers, sound horns and
 away,
 With arrows sharp pointed we go,
 With arrows sharp pointed we go:
 See Sol now arises in splendor so bright,
 IO Pæn for Phœbus who leads to delight,
 All glorious illumin'd now rises to fight,
 'Tis he, boys, is god of the bow,
 'Tis he, boys, is god of the bow.

Fresh roses we'll offer to Venus's shrine,
 Libations we'll pour to great Bacchus divine,
 While mirth, love, and pleasure, in junction combine,
 For archers, true sons of the fame,
 For archers, true sons of the fame,

Bid sorrow adieu ; in soft numbers we'll sing,
 Love, friendship, and beauty, shall make the air ring,
 Wishing health and success to our country and king,
 Encrease to their honor and fame.
 Encrease to their honor and fame.

T H E

S A I L O R's

DESCRIPTION OF A HUNTING.

G O I N G to see my father the other day, he ax'd
 me to take a voyage a hunting with him ; so
 when the swabber had rigg'd the horses, they brought
 me one to stow myself on board of, that they told me
 was in such right and tight trim, she would go as fast
 upon any tack as a Folkestone Cutter ; so I got up aloft,
 and clapt myself athwart ship, this'n, and made as
 much way as the best on'um—and to the windward
 of a gravel-pit we espied a hare at anchor ; so she
 weighed and bore away, and just as I had overtaken
 her, my horse came bump ashore upon a stone, the
 back stay broke, she pitched me over the forecable,
 came keel upwards, and unshipp'd my shoulder, and
 damme if ever I fet sail on a land privateering again.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE MERRY SAILOR.

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main;
No treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain;
We're strangers to party and faction,
To honor and honesty true,
And would not commit a base action,
For power and profit in view.

C H O R U S.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys,
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
Goes through the world, my brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the blessings of life;
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
But plenty too often breeds strife:
When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But skilful industry steers right.
Then why, &c.

The

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
 Who rules at the helm of the state;
 Than we, who to politics strangers,
 Escape the snares laid for the great:
 The numerous blessings of nature,
 In various nations we try:
 No mortals on earth can be greater,
 Who merrily live 'till we die.
 Then why, &c.

S O N G.

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

WHEN my money was gone that I gain'd in the wars,
 And the world 'gan to frown on my fate,
 What matter'd my zeal or my honored scars,
 When indifference stood at each gate.

The face that would smile when my purse was well lin'd,
 Shew'd a different aspect to me:
 And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
 I hi'd once again to the sea.

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
 Or to bear with cold looks on the shore;
 So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
 And a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
 Which over my shoulder I threw,
 Away then I trudg'd with a heart rather sad,
 To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled by far than my mind,
 And when the wide main I survey'd,
 I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
 And fortune a slippery jade.

And I vow'd if once more I could take her in tow,
 I'd let the ungrateful ones see,
 That the turbulent winds and the billows could shew,
 More kindness than they did to me.

S O N G.

JACK RATLIN.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

JACK Ratlin was the ablest seaman.
 None like him could hard reef and steer;
 No dang'rous toil but he'd encounter,
 With skill, and in contempt of fear:
 In fight a lion—the battle ended,
 Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove;
 Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,
 Yet did he sigh, and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
 For none of these had Jack regard;
 He, while his messmates were carousing,
 High sitting on the pending yard,
 Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
 Swear never from such charms to rove;
 That truly he'd adore them living,
 And dying sigh to end his love.

The same exprefs the crew commanded,
 Once more to view their native land;
 Among the reft brought Jack fome tidings,
 Would it had been his love's fair hand:
 Oh fate! her death defac'd the letter,
 Instant his pulfe forgot to move,
 With quiv'ring lips and eyes uplifted,
 He heav'd a figh and dy'd for love.

S O N G.

THE MERRY DANCE.

Sung by Mifs Romanzini.

THE merry dance I dearly love,
 For then, Collette, thy hand I fieze;
 And prefs it too whene'er I please,
 And none can fee and none reprove:
 Then on thy cheek quick blufhes glow,
 And then we whifper foft and low,
 Ah! how I grieve, ah! how I grieve,
 I grieve you ne'er her charms can know.

She's fweet fifteen, I'm one Year more,
 Yet ftill we are too young they fay,
 But we know better fure than they;
 Youth fhould not liften to threescore:
 And I'm resolv'd to tell her fo,
 When next we whifper foft and low,
 Oh! how I grieve, oh! how I grieve,
 I grieve you ne'er her charms can know.

S O N G.

SUE AND BET.

Sung by Mr. Sedgwick.

FROM aloft the failor looks around,
 And hears below the murm'ring billows found :
 Far off from home he counts another day,
 Wide o'er the seas the vessel bears away ;
 His courage wants no whet,
 But he springs the fail to fet,
 With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May,
 And caring nought,
 He turns his thought
 To his lovely Sue, or his charming Bet.

Now to heav'n the lofty top-mast soars,
 The stormy blast like dreadful thunder roars;
 Now Ocean's deepest gulphs appear below,
 The curling surges foam, and down we go :
 When skies and seas are met,
 They his courage serve to whet :
 With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May,
 And dreading nought,
 He turns his thought
 To his lovely Sue, or his charming Bet.

SONG.

S O N G.

AS YOU PLEASE.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch.

I THOUGHT our quarrels ended,
And set my heart at ease;
'Tis strange you're thus offended,
You take delight to tease;
Dear Sir, decide the strife
Betwixt your child and wife!
Alas! the grief I feel,
I dare not to reveal;
I know that you believe,
For Frederic's loss I grieve:
Psha, Psha,
Very well, very well, as you please.

In vain I'm always striving
To make our difference cease,
If you're disputes contriving,
And will not live in peace:
No, no,
You will not live in peace:
I'm vex'd, dear Sir, for you,
But say, what can I do?
To none I can complain,
How cruel is my pain!
I know that you believe
For Fred'ric's loss I grieve:
Psha, Psha,
Very well, very well, as you please.

SONG.

S O N G.

A LINNET JUST FLEDG'D.

Sung by Miss Dall.

A LINNET just fledg'd, from its leaf-shady bow'r
Its flight had too daringly took;
Unable the wide ambient ether to tow'r,
It flutter'd and fell in a brook.

To save the sweet youngling fair Laura was nigh,
She cherish'd and sooth'd it to rest;
Yet, she wet it as fast, from pity's soft eye,
As she dry'd its soft plumes on her breast.

Thus vanity's pinions too oft' we extend,
And the dictates of reason forego;
Then fall, like the linnet, nor meet with a friend,
Like Laura to weep o'er our woe.

SONG.

S O N G.

BRITANNIA RULE THE WAVES.

WHEN Britain first, at heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main ;
Arose, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain :

C H O R U S.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.

The Nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall ;
Must, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
More, &c.

As the loud blast, the blast that rends the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 All their, &c.
 Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe but thy renown.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 Thy cities, &c.
 And thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Blest Isle, with beauties, with mutchless beauties
 crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

S O N G.

THE BRITISH SAILOR.

THE British sailor ploughs the seas,
 Nor fears th' unfathom'd deep;
 He scorns the landfman's slothful ease,
 And guards them while they sleep:
 Tho' storms arise in dreadful ire,
 And light'nings flash their vivid fire;
 When foes invade with eager heart and hand,
 He braves the deep to save his native land.

The ship now rises to the skies,
 Now sinks in depths below ;
 Yet, still intrepidly he flies,
 To meet the destin'd foe:
 And while the cruel fight prevails,
 With death and carnage he assails,
 Nor heeds their fire, but at his chief's command,
 Braves the whole world to save his native land.

The chain-shot whistles too and fro,
 A broadside seals their fate,
 The hull is shatter'd, down they go,
 And, quarter, cry too late:
 Then, as he sees the briny flood
 Crimson'd all o'er with human blood,
 His heart relents, swift to his boat he flies,
 And braves the seas to save his enemies.

S O N G.

LAUGH AND BE FAT.

TO rival the miser who broods o'er his plumb,
 Or to envy the great I shall never presume ;
 Tho' wealth to mankind as a blessing was sent,
 With much or with little I'm always content:
 For should I grow rich I'll ne'er murmur at that,
 And, if I grow poor, still I'll laugh and be fat.

Tho'

Tho' patriots and placemen each other abuse,
 'Tis nothing to me, I've no pension to lose,
 If they levy new taxes, I vow and protest,
 I will not complain while I fare like the rest:
 And if outs become inns, I'll ne'er murmur at that,
 Or if inns become outs, still I'll laugh and be fat.

S O N G.

WHILE THE MOON PLAYS THE BRANCHES AMONG.

WHEN William at eve meets me down at the
 stile,

How sweet is the nightingale's song;
 I confess, without blushing I hear him complain,
 And believe ev'ry word of his song:
 You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,
 While the moon plays yon branches among.

How fain do I wish to chace sun-shine away,
 Ye moments how slowly ye move;
 Give place, envious day-light, haste, ev'ning along;
 I'm to meet the sweet lad that I love:
 O! joy past expressing, to hear the dear swain,
 While the moon plays yon branches among.

From the stile as we walk'd to yon neighbouring grove,
 The swain his soft passion he prest;
 He said, my dear charmer, to church let's repair,
 Your hand it will e'er make me blest;
 How could I refuse the dear swain his soft boon,
 While the moon plays yon branches among.

DIALOGUE,

Sung in the Comic Opera of Just in Time,

By Mr. Fawcett and Mrs. Webb.

DR. CAMOMILE.

THO' gay your trees, perfume your flow'rs,
Enchantment all your groves and bow'rs,
Yet scarce I wish to stir :
For here superior charms I see—

LADY ODDLY.

You flatter sure, you can't mean me,
My dear Sir.

DR. CAMOMILE.

I love Augusta, faith 'tis true,
But 'tis because she's so like you,
Or I'm the saddest cur :
Such lovely shape, majestic air,

LADY ODDLY.

You make me blush now I declare,
O la, Sir.

J. S.

D

DR.

DR. CAMOMILE.

The bloom of youth still decks your cheek,
Your accent mild whene'er you speak,
No spot your beauties blur :
'Pon honor's true, each word I utter,

LADY ODDLY.

Lord, I'm all in such a flutter,
Bless me, Sir.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Wilson.

WHEN on board our trim vessel we joyous
fail'd,

While the glass circled round with full glee,
King and Country to give my old friend never fail'd
And the toast was soon tofs'd off by me :

Billows might dash,
Lightnings might flash,
'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

If a too pow'rful foe in our track did but pass,
We resolv'd both to live and die free,
Quick we number'd her guns and for each took a glass
Then a broadside we gave her with three :

Cannon might roar,
Echo'd from shore,
'Twas the same to us both when at sea.

S O N G.

Sung by Incedon.

THE mind oppress'd with sleep may hope
To sooth corroding grief;
But hopes in vain, if wayward love
Denies to give relief.

Rise then, my fair, thy slumbers cease,
And bless thy faithful swain,
Whose bosom only beats for thee,
Thy absence all his pain :
The mimic Death, oh, quick forsake,
Awake, awake, my love awake.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

LOVE's fev'rish fit
Shall intermit,
If aught my art avail ;
By searching pill
I'll try my skill,
Should that prescription fail.

All my skill can invent,
This pair to torment,
Emetic, cathartic and lotion:
Dilute, starve and feed,
Cup, plaister, and bleed,
Scarify, gargle, and potion.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Quick.

THE heroes stout who dangers scorn,
May boast their arms and tented field;
Let noisy fame their brows adorn,
So I the plumed pen may wield:
Smooth inditing,
Flashy writing,
Give me more pleasure sure than fighting.

In days of yore, fam'd Troy and Greece,
For Helen's charms contended long:
Yet all their feats had slept in peace
But for old father Homer's song:
Smoothly inditing,
Flashy writing,
Give me more pleasure sure than fighting.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

HOW poor are words, how vain is art,
Augusta's charms to trace,
Her speaking eye! her feeling heart!
Such symmetry and grace!
Her mind more pure than virgin snows,
That on the mountain rest;
Her lovely image ever glows
Within this faithful breast.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Munden.

EXAMINE the world with attention, you'll find,
'Tis interest that sways every class of mankind;
From the high to the low,
Say aye or no,
Is it not so?

You doubt it—I'll give you a striking example—
Then judge of the others by this single sample,
And the truth you'll soon know,
Shall I do so?
Say aye or no.

D 3

Sage

Sage Physic and Law don't we ev'ry day see,
Will advise and prescribe, but first pocket the fee?
With pleasure I trow,
It is not so,
Your aye or no.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Blanchard.

THY freedom lost, no more, sweet bird,
In plaintive accents rue ;
For ah! the wretch who thee betray'd,
Betray'd thy Mistress too.

Thus ambush'd in the wily brake,
The baneful serpent lies ;
And while the nymph its beauties views,
She feels the sting and dies.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Dall.

BEHOLD, denied their airy flight,
The tenants of the gaudy cage ;
No more their warblings breathe delight,
Their notes are chang'd to strains of rage ;

And

And should perchance, in happy hour,
 Some friendly hand leave ope' the door,
 Eager they fly the bonds of pow'r,
 And gladly part to meet no more.

Not so the bird whose choice is free,
 In jocund spring he joins his mate,
 Gaily they range from tree to tree,
 Their little breasts with joy elate :
 And if some ruder breeze should blow,
 Or chilling rain disturb their rest,
 Fondly they share each other's woe,
 As destin'd partners of one nest.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr.

WHEN first you won my virgin heart,
 The time I well remember ;
 'Twas in the frost, on dreary heath,
 The fifteenth of December :
 The moon was hid, the snow had froze,
 The wind blew hard and chilling,
 You shivering, cried, ' Ah! there she goes,
 ' Oh that the maid was willing.'

Love smil'd, and as we sliding met
 (Resolv'd to see us humbled)
 Your arm encircled round my waist,
 I slip'd and down we tumbled :

D 4

Whilst

Whilst thus together we reclin'd,
 On winter's hoary pillow,
 You swore you glow'd with love so true,
 I ne'er should wear the willow.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

WERE Galen to rise from elysium, below
 Of modern complaints so little he'd know,
 That, amaz'd at the change, and struck dumb with
 surprise,
 H'd soon hurry back nor believe his own eyes:
 For physic's exploded, so alter'd the trade is,
 That wou'd you but know how I please all the ladies,
 I prescribe a court-dress, a rout, or a ball,
 A play, or an opera, or may be all.

Prepare for the dance,
 In a minuet 'prance,
 Or first couple lead down,
 'Twill do I can tell;
 Hands acrofs, back again,
 Hands acrofs, back again,
 Hands acrofs, back again,
 Now my lady is well.

Let

Let fools their own nonsense
Still solemnly broach ;
While they trudge it on foot,
I loll in my coach :
They may pore over books,
And incessantly toil ;
But their's the dull task,
Mine fashion and Hoyle.
For physic's exploded, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Dall.

YE fable clouds, oh veil those beams
Which tempt, which tempt my willing heart,
To trace the moth-grown path along,
And tempt me, tempt me to depart.

Affist me, prudence, cautious maid,
To sway my doubting breast,
Bring sober reason to my aid,
And bid this rebel rest :
Yet oh, my Melville, still for you
This bosom beats with passion true.

D U E T,

Sung by Mr. Incledon and Miss Dall.

BELIEVE, charming maid, a fond youth who adores
you,
The way to be happy lies pleasant before you,
The path's deck'd with flow'rets, by Hymen implanted
From seeds of true love, and by Cupids 'tis haunted.

Rely, dearest youth, you know I regard you,
Their arts shall not triumph, in vain they discard you;
I'll fly with you cheerly like hind o'er the mountain,
The bird swift in flight, or the stream from the foun-
tain.

Then say, shall we soon be united for ever?
We will—nor shall fate my affections e'er sever,
No danger we'll fear which our foes may intend us,
While honor presides love will ever befriend us.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

ILL live 'till I'm dead, ever constant to thee,
Sing farinina, sing farinina;
I won't lie while I'm telling the truth, do you see,
O then to your arms my sweet creature take me:
With my chic a chee,
Ouri low, la lara,
Lara la, lara la lee.

And if while you love, from a breast full of hate,
 Sing farinina, sing farinina ;
 You make me a widow in spite of old fate,
 When dead, you shall never again see me, mate,
 With my chick, &c.

Then whilst we stand still let us pleasure pursue,
 Sing farinina, sing farinina ;
 I hate to look backwards when beauty's in view,
 For the sight that is black always makes me look blue,
 With my chick, &c.

In all the wide world were no woman but you,
 Sing farinina, sing farinina, &c.
 The rest I'd forsake and to you would be true,
 Then your Irishman love, och I see that you do,
 With my chic, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Blanchard.

THE shipwreck'd tar on billows tost,
 Lash'd to some plank and fighting,
 The land in view he hop'd to gain,
 Himself o'erwhelm'd and dying ;
 Could scarce conceive the joy I feel,
 Thus chang'd my hapless doom ;
 Should fortune save him from despair,
 And waft the wanderer home.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Munden and Mrs. Martyr.

YOU, my damsel, be but kind,
And you ne'er prove a rover;
A truer lad you'll never find—
If so, we'll live in clover :
Then quick away,
Let's hence be gay,
Nor think of care or sorrow ;
But laugh and dance,
And kiss and play,
To-morrow and to-morrow.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Dall.

FANCY paints the flatt'ring scene,
And courage animates her mien ;
On hope's gay pinions see her rise,
She leaves the earth to soar in skies :
'Tis love's delusion fans her wings,
And while she soars she cheerful sings.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Incedon.

NOW let the merry bells ring round,
The pipe's shrill note and tabor found ;
The mazy dance and mirthful fong,
The festive board and joyous throng :
Hither bring, with frolic gay,
To join the lovers roundelay.

Dull care shall now no more appear,
With languid step and falling tear,
For laughing joy with sprightly vest,
Has chas'd her far from ev'ry breast.
Hither bring, with frolic gay,
To join the lovers roundelay.
Now let the merry bells, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung in the Musical Romance of the Prisoner,

By Mr. Fawcett,

WHERE the banners of glory are streaming,
Her image still lingers above,
And her eyes seem all terribly gleaming,
Which glow'd but with transports of love.

Deeds of arms my soul inspire,
As the battling thunders roll;
She and fame my bosom fire,
And to conquest lights my soul.

And 'mid slaughter madly wounding,
Heroes dying groans resounding,
Armour clashing,
Light'ning flashing,
Angel pinion'd o'er her lover,
With protecting wing she'll hover,
Valour's genius, mem'ry's pleasure,
Guardian of life's sacred treasure.

What can check the soldier's course?
Who, where war delights to rove,
Strikes with more than mortal force,
Urg'd by fame, impell'd by love.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

HOW charming a camp is when soldiers late and
early,
With hair so tightly trim'd up and powder'd so fine;
March, shoulder, present, while the serjeant so furly
Drills up the young recruits in the rear of the line,
To dub a dub, while so merry
Beats the drummer, dub a dub.

Tho' bluff they look and fierce, that no lions sure are
bolder,
Yet the damsels don't fear 'em nay one as I live,
Came and ask'd me to give her my heart, but I told
her,
Says I, that's bespoke, and I've nothing else to give:
But dub a dub, ever merry,
Beats the drummer, dub a dub.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch.

YOUNG Carlos fu'd a beauteous maid,
On her his happiness staking,
She frown'd upon his love, he sigh'd,
Ah me, my heart is breaking.

She took a swain of large domain,
 His humble love forsaking;
 He thought her happy, and he smil'd,
 Altho' his heart was breaking.

On wealth alone few joys attend,
 She found, with anguish aching;
 He sunk and gave her such a look,
 Just as his heart was breaking.

S O N G.

Sung by Master Walsh.

TEARS that exhale from the spring of good nature,
 Fall like the dew upon sympathy's breast;
 Wishes reviving bloom with fresh beauty,
 And in gay colours are gaudily drest.

Yet when I think on the danger that threatens,
 Fear blights my bosom with doubts and dismay,
 Fond expectation so languid and drooping,
 Fades, drops its blossoms, and withers away.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung in the Prisoner.

GOOD humour, peace, and glee return,
Let each enjoy the rising bliss,
And brushing up his pouted lip,
Prepare alike to sip and kiss.

Good humour smiles as rage subsides,
And, in its lustred radiance proud,
Diffuses rays of social love,
As summer suns succeed a cloud.

In varied colours mem'ry glows,
Of dangers past and raptures new,
As deepen'd tints of crimson dye,
Bestreak the tulip's silver hue.

Henceforth no fear or dread shall threat,
No tumults pleasure's course arrest ;
But each dispute shall happy close
In who loves most and who loves best.

SONG.

S O N G.

MAID OF THE OAKS.

COME, sing round my favorite tree,
Ye songsters that visit the grove;
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,
And the bark is the record of love.

Reclin'd on the turf by my side,
He tenderly pleaded my cause;
I only with blushes reply'd,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

S O N G.

HENRY IS TRUE.

THO' prudence may press me,
And duty distress me,
Against inclination, ah! what can they do?
No longer a rover,
His follies are over,
My heart, my fond heart says, my Henry is true.

The bee thus as changing,
From sweet to sweet ranging,
A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray:
With raptures possessing,
In ev'ry one's blessing,
'Till torn from her bosom he flies far away.

S O N G.

NATURE.

WHEN the rosy morn appearing,
Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
Bees on banks of thyme disporting,
Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming,
Carol sweet the lively strain,
They forsake their leafy dwelling,
To secure the golden grain.

Let content, the humble gleaner,
Take the scatter'd ears that fall;
Nature all her children viewing,
Kindly bounteous cares for all.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan.

THIS hot pursuit,
With threats to boot,
Have little to alarm me,
So war I wage,
Defy his rage,
And brave whate'er may harm me.

He

He still may stare,
 And stamp and swear,
 I'll neither fear nor falter;
 Whate'er may bind,
 'Gainst woman kind,
 Will prove a rotten halter.

My mistress flown,
 I'll soon be gone,
 Old Crufty swears he'll tame her;
 For him she loves,
 Abroad she roves,
 In truth I cannot blame her.

In varied shapes,
 Thro' hair-breadth 'scapes,
 Each way he tries to win her;
 She scorns restraint,
 And such a faint
 Would make e'en me a finner.

Some trim disguise,
 No doubt she tries—
 I'll follow her example:
 Of faith, of skill,
 And wit at will
 I'll give 'em straight a sample.

So she and I
 Will fairly try
 Whose trick or change can blind most:
 And since, old Don,
 You chuse to run,
 The devil take the hindmost.

SONG.

S O N G.

A Parody upon

"Oh, what a plague is an obstinate Daughter."

IF a young wife you have she's the plague of your
foul,
No peace can you have tho' you let her controul;
Not one look in ten can be counted to chear ye,
Oh! what a plague is an obstinate deary:
 Frisking and flaunting,
 Singing and jaunting,
Oh! what a plague is an obstinate deary.

If her mate, like me's ancient, she does nought but
scorn him.
And he's dev'lish well off if she don't chance to horn
him;
They'll plague and they'll tease him quite out of his
life, Sir,
Oh! what a plague is an obstinate wife, Sir:
 Gadding about, Sir,
 To park, plays, and routs, Sir,
Oh! what a plague is an obstinate wife, Sir.

(70)

S O N G.

CHARMS OF PHŒBE,

Sung in Rosina.

WHEN bidden to the wake or fair,
(The joy of each free-hearted swain)
'Till Phœbe promis'd to be there,
I loiter'd last of all the train.

If chance some fairing caught her eye,
The ribband gay, or silken glove,
With eager haste I ran to buy,
For what is gold compar'd with love.

My poesy on her bosom plac'd,
Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale!
Her auburn locks my ribband grac'd,
And flutter'd in the wanton gale.

S O N G.

SLIGHTED LOVE.

Sung in Rosina.

ERE bright Rosina met my eyes,
How peaceful pass'd the joyous day;
In rural sports I gain'd the prize,
Each virgin listen'd to my lay.

But now no more I touch the lyre,
 No more the rustic sports can please;
 I live the slave to fond desire,
 Lost to myself, to mirth, and ease.

The tree that in a happier hour
 Its boughs extended o'er the plain;
 When blasted by the lightning's pow'r,
 Nor charms the eye, nor shades the swain.

S O N G.

THE APPROACH OF MAY.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,
 Attends to the villager's vows;
 The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
 And poplars embrace with their boughs:
 On Ida bright Venus may reign,
 Ador'd for her beauty above;
 We shepherds, who dwell on the plain,
 Hail May as the mother of love.

From the West as it wantonly blows,
 Fond zephyr caresses the vine;
 The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
 And willows and woodbines entwine:
 The pinks by the rivulet side,
 That border the vernal alcove,
 Bend downward to kiss the soft tide—
 For May is the mother of love.

May

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
 He flutters in bridal array;
 If the lark and the linnets now sing,
 Their music is taught them by May:
 The stock-dove recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
 And, murmuring, seems to repeat,
 That May is the mother of love.

The goddesses will visit ye soon,
 Ye virgins be sportive and gay:
 Get your pipes, oh, ye shepherds, in tune,
 For music must welcome the day:
 Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
 And all his keen anguish remove?
 Let him tell a soft tale, and he'll find
 That May is the mother of love.

S O N G.

BACCHANALIAN.

BY the gaily-circling glass,
 We can see our minutes pass;
 By the hollow cask are told,
 How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day,
 Drives us from our sport and play;
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of care 'twas made for you.

SONG.

SONG.

TOBY PHILPOT.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

DEAR Sir, this brown jug that now foams with
 mild ale,
 (In which I will drink to sweet Kate of the Vale)
 Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul,
 As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl,
 In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog days he sat at his ease,
 In a flow'r-woven arbour as gay as you please;
 With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,
 A potter found out in a covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug:
 Now, sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,
 I'll drink to my lovely sweet Kate of the Vale.

J. S.

E

SONG.

S O N G.

OLD AGNES.

(Sequel to the Toby Philpot)

Sung by Mr. Chambers.

MY true honest fellows who smoke with such glee,
To beg yout attention for once I make free,
And sing of our pipes whilst thus merry and snug,
We soften our cares as we lighten our jug:
This jug which from Toby its origin boasts,
Old Toby, whose mem'ry enlivens the toast.

Toby's fame like his lize, spread so great by his ale,
That for Agnes no room could be found in the tale;
Honest Agnes the social support of his life,
Both for quaffing and lize was well pair'd as his wife;
Therefore singing her praise, we with joy will regale,
Whilst our pipes and our jug give a zest to our ale.

The potter who shrewdly found Toby's remains,
Thought to visit again there might answer his pains,
Where, in brief, he found Agnes, whose death, as her
life,
Made her qualify'd duly to lie as his wife:
Her fair fame all the village incessantly quote,
Whose Vicar the following epitaph wrote.

' Agnes

Philpot, the wife of old Toby, renown'd,
Liv'd whilst on earth, now lies dead in the ground;
Care of her grieving for Toby to bilk,
Often'd her sorrows with Brandy and milk:
In with silky she thriv'd 'till her skin gave a crack,
In death popping in laid her here on her back."

He lines our good potter a happy thought started,
Toby and Agnes should never be parted;
Took of her clay, which was white as her milk,
Temper'd with brandy 'till softer than filk,
Forming these pipes, he advis'd, sly and snug,
We kiss her fair clay, and shake hands with his
jug.

S O N G.

THE GLORIES OF MASONRY.

Sung by Mr. Collins.

WHILE science yields a thousand lights
To irradiate the mind;
That noblest art pursue,
Which dignifies mankind:
Then to masonry huzza,
Whose Art and myst'ry coincide
With gospel and with law.

K,

The

The pompous dome, the gorgeous hall,
The temple's cloud capt tower,
The Masons glory shall proclaim,
'Till time's remotest hour.

Then to mason

Yet he who thinks our art confin'd,
To meer domestic Laws,
As well might judge great nature's works,
Sprung up without a cause.

Then to mason

Ideal fabricks to uprear,
Some fools think all our art ;
But little dream what plans we draw,
To form an upright heart.

Then to mason

The plumb we poise and clear each clog,
Which hangs about the string ;
And each unruly passion's flight
Within due compass bring.

Then to masonry

Religion's all enlightning page,
We spread before our eyes ;
By which we're taught those steps to trace
Which lead us to the skies.

Then to masonry

The summum bonum hence we learn,
To which true masonry tends,
Our brethren as ourselves to love,
And all mankind as friends.

Then to masonry

and Samaritan to prove,
 all, and ev'ry where,
 the level still to meet,
 part upon the square.

Then to masonry, &c.

this rock we'll stand when worlds
 oblivion are consign'd;
 millions baseless fabrick like,
 we not a wreck behind.

Then to masonry, &c.

S O N G.

THE MONSTER.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

in the Park, as usual, my walk I should pursue,
 and civilly accost a Miss—my pretty, how d'ye do?
 chang'd the times each Miss is sure my meaning to
 misconstrue,
 and jumps, and squeaks, and cries aloud, O, heavens,
 there's the monster:

You nasty thing,

You'll surely swing,

And then she'll swear,

'Twould make you stare,

She saw me ready to—O rare,

To stab her thro' the petticoat,

Exactly like the Monster.

E 3

My

My nose is really somewhat short, but what's t
of that,

The Monster too is monstrous thin, and I am
strous fat ;

But not a word the lady hears, determin'd to m
strue,

And up to Bow-Street I'm convey'd to try if I
Monster :

Of such a snare,

Ye beaux beware,

Or chuse a maid

Who will not swear,

She saw you ready to——O rare,

To stab her thro' the petticoat,

Exactly like the Monster.

And when before the Justices, what justice 'tis to see
Of Monsters there's already charg'd two hundred go
as me ;

For ev'ry Miss thro' all the town this scheme can apt
construe,

'Tis touch and take—so if you touch, she takes you
for the monster.

'Gainst such a league,

Adieu intrigue,

For, ye fair

I truly swear,

You'll find me ready to——O rare—

But not to stab the petticoat,

For I am not the Monster,

SONG.

(199.)

S O N G.

THE DOCTRINE OF AN ISRAELITE.

Written by Mr. Collins.

I ONCE was but a pedlar, and my shop was in my
box,
So sure as I'm a smoush and my name is Mordeca,
And I cheated all the world in spite of whipping post
or stocks,

For I never sticks for trifles when there's moneys in
the way:

I had gold rings of copper gilt, and so I got my bread,
With sealing wax of brickduft and pencils without lead,

In my pick pack, nick nack,
Tick tack, gim crack,

Twing twang, twink'lum dee:
And ting ting ring,

Tink the clink,

To chink is the music still for me.

To make up goods the cheaper some people steal the
stuff,

And by selling of good bargains they never want
for trade,

But I could always find the way to sell them cheap
enough,

As you know 'tis quite as easy for to steal them
ready made:

And

And tho' I'm not a Christian, I should think it very
great sin,
When a stranger comes across me if I would not take
him in.

With my pick pack, &c.

Or suppose I do the business of a Doctor or a priest,
And in want of my assistances a poor man sent for
me;
As in doing of my duty I would myself at least,
If I spy a good fat piece of pork, and he could give
no fee,
He may think I would refuse it, bless my soul he is
mistaken,
I could sell it, if not eat it, so that would not save his
bacon.

With my pick pack, &c.

Or if I was a judge, or a justice of the peace,
Whenever prosecutors bring a thief before the bench,
If they swear upon the book 'till they all was black in
the face,
Let the prisoner use good arguments a fig for evi-
dence:
But if the rogue was penniless, my work I would go
through,
As my conscience would not let me rob the gallows of
its due.

With my pick pack, &c.

Or suppose I was in Parliament, the scheme I would
propose,
So sure as I'm a smoush and my name is Mordecai;
Wou'd

I'd be like the little plough boy, to sell my ayes
 and noes,
 For I ne'er sticks for trifles when there's monies in
 the way :
 And before I would stand out, where there's plenty of
 the pelf,
 The devil was the purchaser, by G—d I'd sell my-
 self.

With my pick pack, &c.

S O N G.

WINDS SOFTLY TELL MY LOVE.

Sung in the Farmer.

WINDS softly tell my love,
 You have brought home his dove,
 Say, poor Louisa flies to her mate :
 Smooth was the ocean,
 Swift was our motion,
 He was my haven, and absence my fate.

Yet the lambs straying,
 Thro' the meads playing,
 Cropping wild flow'rs on the precipice brink :
 Joys furrounding,
 Sporting, bounding,
 Nor on fond Phillis the wanton will think.

S O N G.

Sung by Sig. Storace.

WITH lowly suit and plaintive ditty,
I call the tender mind to pity,
My friends are gone, my heart is beating,
And chilling poverty's my lot,
From passing strangers aid entreating,
I wander thus alone, forgot:
Believe my woes, my want's distressing,
And heav'n reward you with its blessing.

Here's tales of love and maids forsaken,
Of battles fought and captives taken:
The jovial tar so boldly sailing,
Or cast upon some desert shore;
The hapless bride his loss bewailing,
And fearing ne'er to see him more:
Relieve my woes, my want's distressing.
And heav'n reward you with its blessing.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE MUSICAL GOD.

Sung at the Apollo Gardens.

A VOT'RY to music and song,
My life glides away in delight,
Sweet harmony leads me along,
And sweet pleasure my senses invite :
Each rapture that joy can impart
Attends, if I give but a nod ;
How can I but love with my heart,
Apollo, the musical god.

This garden's the mansion of fame,
His lyre the fountain of sweets ;
Cecilia performs on the same,
And echo each number repeats.

Each rapture, &c.

Dull apathy shuns the retreat,
So near to celestials above ;
And concord, who hallow'd the feat,
Has nam'd it the temple of love.

Each rapture, &c.

S O N G.

WAS I RIGHT, OR WAS I NOT.

Sung at the Apollo Gardens.

WAS I right or was I not,
Tell me girls, and tell me true;
You I mean who've husbands got,
Was I wrong to do so too?
No—I'm sure to die a maid
Ne'er was meant to be my lot:
Hymen call'd and I obey'd,
Was I right or was I not?

When the youth that pleas'd my mind
Told his love in language sweet,
Could I see him fond and kind
Sigh and languish at my feet?
No, no, no, it was in vain,
Frowns and threats were quite forgot;
Soon at church I eas'd his pain,
Was I right or was I not?

This I know, a single life
Never was design'd for me:
No, no, no, 'tis nought but strife,
That you surely will agree:
Girls get married—that's your plan—
Cupid will assist the plot:
Then, like me, secure your man—
Was I right or was I not?

S O N G.

MISS IN HER TEENS.

A TIT, a tit, they call me yet,
And Miss do this and Miss do that;
Then there's Mamma she can't forget
That foolish way, my cheeks to pat:
My doll I us'd to fondle so,
But girls like me it much demeans:
Besides, I'd have my mother know
I'm not a child tho' in my teens.

Where'er I go 'tis, pray take care,
Be home in time, and don't stay late:
Pray, dear Mamma, your caution spare,
I'll ne'er be teaz'd at such a rate:
No, no, I cannot bear it long,
And, gad, if nothing intervenes,
(Tho' you perhaps may deem it wrong)
I'll fly to Edward in my teens.

He says I'm not a bit too young,
And truly I believe I'm not;
Then there's such magic in his tongue,
I sure could give him all I got:
And when I say I'll be his wife,
He talks of such enchanting scenes,
That day, good-by, to Miss for life,
I'm then a woman in my teens.

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

LITTLE thinks the townsman's wife,
While at home she tarries,
What must be the lass's life
Who a foldier marries;
Nor with weary marching spent,
Dancing now before the tent—
Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira, la,
With her jolly foldier.

In the camp at night she lies,
Wind and weather scorning,
Only griey'd her love must rise,
And quit her in the morning:
But the doubtful skirmish done,
Blithe she sings at setting sun:

Lira, &c.

Should the Captain of her dear,
Use his vain endeavour,
(Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear)
Two fond hearts to sever:
At his passion she will scoff,
Laughing thus she'll put him off.

Lira, &c.

S O N G.

LOVELY SUE.

Sung at Vauxhall.

THE main with darkness mantled o'er,
The howling tempest blew;
Yet dread of seeing thee no more,
Was all the fear I knew:
Tho' out of sight, ne'er out of mind,
Thy sailor always true,
Regarded more than waves or wind,
The sighs of lovely Sue.

But when we met the haughty foe,
And bullets round us flew:
With double strength I gave each blow,
To merit thee, my Sue:
Tho' out of sight ne'er out of mind,
My heart still fonder grew,
In fancy's glass to lovers kind,
I gaz'd on thee my Sue.

SONG.

S O N G.

CORPORAL CASEY.

Sung in the Siege of Calais.

WHEN I was at home I was merry and frisky,
 My dad kept a pig and my mother sold whisky;
 My uncle was rich, but would never be easy,
 'Till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey:
 Och, rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
 My dear little Shelah I thought would run crazy,
 When I trug'd away with tough Corporal Casey.

I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking
 On Shelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking;
 But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisy,
 For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey:
 Och, rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
 The devil go with him, I ne'er cou'd be lazy,
 He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
 That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me rarely;
 And who should the first be that dropt?—Why, an't
 please ye,

It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey.
 Och, rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
 Thinks I you are quiet and I shall be easy,
 So eight years I've fought without Corporal Casey.

GRAND

(89)

GRAND CHORUS.

ENGLISH.

Rear our English banner high,
In token proud of victory,
Where'er our god of battle strides;
Loud sounds the trump of fame,
Where'er the English warrior rides,
May laurel'd conquest grace his name,

FRENCH.

Yet on the victor's heart let truth engrave,
That heav'n-born mercy best becomes the brave.

ENGLISH.

Rear, rear the English banner high,
In token proud of victory.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

MY ZELICA NOW.

ITREMBLE to think that my soldier's so bold,
To see with what danger he gets all his gold;
Yet, danger all over, 'twill keep out the cold,
And we shall be warm when we're married.

For

For riches, 'tis true that I covet them not,
Unless 'tis to better my dear soldier's lot,
And he shall be master of all I have got,
The very first moment we're married.

My heart, how it beats ! but to look to the day,
In church, when my father will give me away ;
But that I shall laugh at, I've heard many say,
A day or two after we're married.

GRAND CHORUS.

Sound, sound in solemn strains and low,
Dully beat the muffled drum,
Bid the hollow trumpet blow,
In dreaded tones, clear, firm, and low,
For, see the Patriot hero come.
Peace to their noble souls, their bodies die,
Their fame shall flourish long in memory :
Recorded still in future years,
Green in a nation's gratitude and tears.
Peace to the heroes, peace, who yield their blood,
And perish nobly for their country's good.

D U E T,

Sung by Mr. Bannister and Mrs. Bland.

MRS. BLAND.

COULD you to battle march away,
And leave me here complaining ?
I'm sure 'twould break my heart to stay,
When you we're gone campaigning :

Ah,

Ah, non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon,
Cou'd never quit her rover;
Ah, non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Would go with you all the world over.

MR. BANNISTER.

Cheer, cheer, my love, you shall not grieve,
A foldier true you'll find me;
I shou'd not have the heart to leave
My little girl behind me:
Ah, non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Should never quit her rover:
Ah, non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Shall go with me all the world over.

MR. BANNISTER.

And can you to the battle go,
To woman's fear a stranger?

MRS. BLAND.

No fear my breast will ever know,
But when my love's in danger:
Ah, non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Fears only for her rover;
Ah, non, non, non,
Pauvre Madelon
Will go with you all the world over.

BOTH.

Then let the world jog as it will,
 Let hollow friends forsake us;
 We hoth shall be as happy still
 As war and love can make us;
 Ah, non, non, non,
 Pauvre Madelon,
 Shall never quit her rover;
 Ah, non, non, non,
 Pauvre Madelon
 Shall go with me all the world over.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Wilson.

MY comrades so famish'd and queer,
 Hear the drums how they jolily beat;
 They fill our french hearts with good cheer,
 Altho' we have nothing to eat.

Rub a dub.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Nothing to-eat—rub a dub,
 Rub a dub—we have nothing to eat.
 Then, hark to the merry ton'd fife,
 To hear it will make a man younger;
 I tell you, my lads, this is life,
 For any one dying with hunger.

Teot a toot.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Dying with hunger—toot a toot,
 Toot a toot—we are dying with hunger.
 The foe to inspire you to beat,
 Only list to the trumpet, so shrill,
 'Till the enemy's kill'd we can't eat,
 Do the job, you may eat all you kill.

Ran ta tanj

CHORUS.

We'll eat all we kill—ran ta tan,
 Ran ta tan—we may eat all we kill.

S O N G.

LULLABY.

PEACEFUL slumb'ring on the ocean,
 Seamen fear no danger nigh;
 The winds and wayes in gentle motion,
 Sooth them with their lullaby:
 Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby lullaby,
 Sooth them with their lullaby.

Is the wind tempestuous blowing?
 Still no danger they descry;
 The guileless heart its boon bestowing,
 Sooth them with its lullaby.

Lullaby, &c.

SONG

S O N G.

THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER.

Sung at Vauxhall.

AH! tell me, ye swains, have you seen my Pastora?
 O say, have you met the sweet nymph on your way?

Transcendent as Venus and blythe as Aurora,
 From Neptune's bed rising to hail the new day:
 Forlorn do I wander and long time have sought her,
 The fairest, the rarest—for ever my theme;
 A goddess in form tho' a cottager's daughter,
 That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.

Tho' lordlings so gay and young 'squires have sought her,

To link her fair hand in the conjugal chain;
 Devoid of ambition the cottager's daughter
 Convinc'd them their flattery and offers were vain:
 When first I beheld her I fondly besought her,
 My heart did her homage, and love was my theme;
 She vow'd to be mine, the sweet cottager's daughter,
 That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.

Then why thus alone does she leave me to languish?

Pastora to splendor cou'd ne'er yield her hand;
 Ah, no, she returns to remove my fond anguish,
 O'er her heart love and truth retain the command:
 The wealth of Golconda could never have bought her,
 For love, truth, and constancy still is her theme;
 Then give me, kind Hymen, the cottager's daughter,
 That dwells on the borders of Aln's winding stream.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Munden.

ODDZOOKERS! to night, at the close of the fair,
How the girls, full of glee, will come titt'ring
along ;

Ah, Robin by moonlight will surely be there,
Have his share of the joke and be loud in the song.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, I long to go,
Such squeaking then — good lack a daisy!
Smiling, joking, kissing, coaxing, tickling,
giggling so,
Over stile,
Many a mile,
How the smuggling dogs will squeeze 'em,
To confess
More or less—
Zounds I'll try if I can please 'em.

More charming to I than the blossoms of May,
In their holiday trim are the wenches all clad;
For at eve they be always so 'frisky and gay,
To be one among 'em I always am mad.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

1031

S O N G.

THE BRITISH SEAMAN.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

THE British Seaman's manly breast
Can never with base passion glow ;
Of all mankind the friend protest,
But of his Country's deadly foe :
Rouz'd at the word,
He springs on board,
Enough to have her danger known ;
With glory fir'd,
Like one inspir'd,
He makes the sacred cause his own.

Wide as her swelling sails appear,
Her might is felt, is known her fame ;
And distant foes at once revere
And tremble at the seaman's name.
Rouz'd at the word, &c.

F I N I S.